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A DAY AT NORWOOD.

On a beautiful day in last July, I had the pleasure of making an excursion from London to Norwood, for the purpose of inspecting a very remarkable public institution which has for some years been established there. A coach, starting from Charing Cross, soon whirled me a few miles down into the county of Surrey, and in little more than an hour I was at the end of my journey. The district in which I now found myself, is, unlike the most of English ground, agreeably varied by gentle eminences, presenting slopes in all directions, plentifully ornamented with copses, tufts of forest-trees, and hedge-rows; while in every part we discover villages and gentlemen's seats nestling in hollows, or scattered over the rising grounds. The salubrity arising from a varied surface, many years ago caused this fine region to be selected by the guardians of the London poor, for the rearing of the numerous destitute children who fell into their hands. These unfortunates were placed here at nurse in the cottages of the peasantry, where, as is well known, they were not in general treated in such a manner as to aid the effects of the healthful climate. Afterwards they were collected into a large establishment at Norwood, under the charge of one trustworthy individual, who contracted for their nurture *en masse*: it was this establishment, latterly under the care of the new poor-law commissioners, which I had come to see. Formerly it was little thought of and rarely visited; but since the change of management just stated, which has been attended with considerable alterations in the mode of rearing the children, it has become an object of much curiosity, and taken its place beside Westminster Abbey, St Paul's, the Tower, the Colosseum, the Adelaide Gallery, and other established "lions" of the Great Metropolis.

I found the Norwood School of Industry, as it is now called, to be composed of a series of large brick buildings, in the midst of enclosed areas, the whole occupying the top of one of the swelling eminences before alluded to, and thus presenting an aspect of cheerfulness rather uncommon in pauper institutions. The children, at present eleven hundred in number, and of various ages, from two or three to twelve or thirteen, are classed in two separate wards or divisions, according to their sex, and still further classified in their respective divisions according to age and capacity. The present contractor and superintendent is Mr Aubin—a middle-aged man, of that aspect which I am accustomed (being a stranger in the south) to regard as characteristic of the frank and upright Englishman. He undertakes to pay all expenses, in consideration of his receiving four shillings and sixpence a-week for the support of each inmate—a rate which must be considered sufficient, though not by any means extravagant, considering the excellence and copiousness of the diet, the comfortable clothing and lodging, and the extent of intellectual and moral instruction which is conferred. It delights me with the sense of something worthy of a great city, to find the young outcasts of the streets of London thus handsomely provided for—for though a sufficient expenditure does not, of course, insure a right mode of management, it is certainly the only thing which makes that possible. Satisfied that the allowance ought to do all that is desirable, let us now inspect the establishment, to ascertain if the application of the funds be as judicious as their amount is generous.

Before saying a single word respecting the appearance of things in this mighty nursery, it will be important to note what was the ordinary course of instruction in the workhouse schools during the "good

old times." It was then customary to consign the workhouse children to some supernumerary pauper within the walls, to be taught a little reading and writing; and as this was considered sufficient in the way of education, it was no uncommon thing for these unfortunate beings to be sent out into the world totally ignorant of any moral or social obligations, and with an intellect almost a perfect blank. Confined from the earliest dawn of intelligence to the joyless (and generally vicious) scene which the walls and floors of their prison-house presented to their eyes, they knew next to nothing of external nature, and were in no shape prepared for depending on their own resources when the period came for their taking an active part in the multifarious concerns of life. The consequence was, that, in those good old times, the workhouse, as it was the first, continued to be the after, refuge of the pauper; it was his home in infancy, his home during any temporary misfortune, his home in old age, and in turn became the home of his children, and his children's children after him—the great patrimonial mansion to which he and his family clung with all the tenacity of an entail.*

To proceed with an account of the new order of things at Norwood. Mr Aubin being a benevolent man, willing to engraft any improvement in his system, the routine of the establishment was revised and remodelled a few years ago at the recommendation of Dr Kay, poor-law commissioner of the London district. It now serves as a pattern for the organisation of workhouse schools throughout the country. The great object held in view is to fit the children to engage with alacrity and ease in any species of useful employment to which they may be put on leaving school, and with minds so morally and religiously trained, that they stand as little chance as possible of finding their way either back to the workhouse or into the criminal jail—in short, to train them up not to be paupers, but active, intelligent, and good members of society. From what came under my notice, I should think there is little fear of the result.

The principal edifice consists of a very long school-room on the lower floor, fitted up with desks and forms, and divided partially by green cloth curtains, which can be raised at pleasure. At the end, nearest the door of entrance, is a gallery or flight of seats, one above another like the steps of a stair, and to these the infant-school, consisting of about 130 pupils, was immediately marched for instruction. No sooner had the little creatures, each in his clean linen blouse, taken their seats, than I was struck with their apparently healthy and robust appearance. There were

* Confined within the walls of the workhouse, where such a spirit reigns, it is difficult to conceive any thing more joyless and miserable than the life of these poor creatures. Surrounded by nothing which can elicit a spark of intelligence, it might be expected that their countenances should be characterised by vacancy, or passion, and such is the case. At Marylebone, about two years ago, the writer of these pages saw a lad of fifteen years of age, who had never but once been out of the house from the time of his birth; he was well-grown, but, as may be easily supposed, deficient in intelligence. It is not more than two years ago since the children were taken out of the workhouse for a walk for the first time; and a person who saw them (and who has been greatly instrumental in introducing an improved treatment of the children in that workhouse) stated that it was a most affecting sight to witness the delight and surprise with which they first beheld the green fields near Primrose Hill. They rolled upon the grass, and appeared incapable of being satiated, so great was their joy. The poor fellow before alluded to fell into every drain and ditch; he had never before experienced such holes in the earth, and a jump or a long step were motions unknown to him, for he had never walked upon any thing but the flags of the workhouse.—*Central Society of Education: third publication.*

not many intellectually good countenances or heads among them, but their rosy and chubby cheeks were an evidence of excellent and sufficient diet, and of a happy mental condition. An English visitor would not perhaps have noticed these appearances; but with me, as being something new, they could not pass unobserved. I could not help comparing the rows of well-fed and happy faces with the pale miserable countenances of the children in most of the pauper asylums of Edinburgh, where the comforts of food, raiment, and lodging, are decidedly too much narrowed. The children being duly seated, an intelligent young teacher, skilled in infant-training, exercised them on a simple branch of useful knowledge, employing the oral and simultaneous method of instruction, and testing the intelligence of individuals by subsequent cross examination. A class of about forty pupils of a more advanced age was next examined on the subject of Bible history, and the readiness of their replies to every question which could be asked in reference to facts in either the Old or New Testament, excited general surprise among the spectators present. The questioner was a clergyman of the established church, who had not previously seen the school, and who seemed highly pleased with the state of religious knowledge which was displayed. We passed from this to other classes, and finally were led out to the boys' courtyard, around which apartments for industrial training are situated.

The spectacle of human industry is always attractive. Even the idle like to look on while others are busy. But the interest of such scenes is greatly increased when the industry is exerted by youth, as it was on the present occasion. In the first room into which we were ushered, sat some twenty boys on low benches, making and mending shoes. This was the shoemaking school, and was under the charge of a young tradesman, who shaped the leather and instructed the pupils in the mysteries of the gentle craft. Divested of their jackets, and tucked in brown leather aprons, the little fellows sat hammering and sewing away as busily as if in a regular workshop; and, on the whole, the shoes which they made were as well executed as those generally in use among boys who are engaged in country labour. From the shoemaking apartment we were conducted into that in which tailoring is in a similar manner taught to a certain number of boys. The clothes on which these worked, were, like the shoes made by the young shoemakers, designed for the use of the establishment. Next we entered, in succession, the workshops devoted to instruction in the business of the blacksmith, and in that of the tinsmith. At both occupations, boys were suitably engaged under the direction of masters. Departments for joinery and gardening are, we were told, not as yet commenced, but about to be so. We were then conducted at once to a large enclosed area or court, in which there is an apparatus representing the deck, mast, and rigging of a ship, with a couple of guns on carriages, the whole being designed for instruction in seamanship. A class of thirty boys, dressed in blue jackets and white trousers, and directed by an under naval officer, went through a variety of manoeuvres with astonishing dexterity; among other things, manning the yards aloft, and afterwards letting themselves down by the ropes to the ground. On making inquiry, I found that this and all the other industrial operations which I had seen, or which may henceforth be added, are not taught to only a few selected boys out of the mass, but all the boys in the school are designed to be instructed in every department, one after the other. Thus every boy, it will be observed, must ultimately be able to make and mend his

own shoes, clothes, and house furniture, to employ himself in iron and tin work, to cultivate a garden, and rear the more useful kind of herbs, and also to a certain extent to act the part of a sailor, should circumstances lead him to a life at sea. It is not the object of the commissioners in establishing this description of industrial training, to make the boys proficient in any line of occupation, but to prepare them for some particular handicraft or service by which they may gain an honest living, and at least be enabled to increase the comforts of their household without an expenditure of their earnings. Who can doubt that such benefits as these will be realised from the course of instruction just described; and who can doubt that England would have been a very different thing at the present day, had such instruction, with all its moral aids, been afforded to the poor half a century ago!

From the courtyards of the boys we were led into those of the girls. Here, after examining the classes in the school in which reading, writing, knitting, sewing, and other exercises, formed the appropriate business, we proceeded to the apartments devoted to industrial occupations. The first was a washing-house, in which a number of girls were engaged at troughs in washing the linens of the establishment, and the next a place where a similar number of girls, forming an advanced class, were learning the equally necessary duties of ironing and mangling. The neat tidy dresses of the girls, and their generally smart appearance, were very remarkable, and contrasted favourably in my mind with the plain aspect of the workhouse females in my own country. Besides being taught to wash and dress clothes so as to prepare them for being laundry-maids and for the duties of households, to which as wives they may be hereafter called, the girls are regularly instructed in sundry domestic offices, including a knowledge of plain cookery, serving of meals, nursing the sick or the very young children, milking cows, and the general management of a dairy. They are also accustomed to make inventories of clothes, to write out receipts for frugal cookery, to make out bills of articles sold in small shops, and to keep accounts of domestic expenditure. Their time is thus divided between instruction in school and industrial operations, while their attention throughout is directed to the duties and rewards of females generally in humble situations of life, and the caution, integrity, and perseverance requisite to secure their permanent well-being.

While inspecting this part of the establishment, I was introduced to the gentleman who acts as visiting physician, and by him politely conducted to the ward set apart as an infirmary or hospital. There were not, however, more than six or eight patients, and of these only three were confined to bed. The chief disease which makes its appearance, I was told, is scrofula; such being in many cases a result of the vicious lives led by the parents, for it need scarcely be mentioned that nearly the whole of the inmates are the children of the most depraved class of the population of London. Knowing the prevalence of ophthalmia in our Scotch workhouses—the inevitable result, and perhaps most unfailing mark, of inadequate food and comfort—I was anxious to make some inquiries on this point, and was glad to learn that, unless from the inherent effects of scrofula, ophthalmia was unknown, the wholesome and sufficient diet being apparently a complete preventive.* My medical friend further mentioned a very interesting fact concerning the Norwood school; he stated, that since the introduction of the industrial and mechanical operations, the health of the children had been greatly improved. There were now considerably fewer under medical treatment than formerly; in fact, the indulgence in manual labour in the workshops had wrought like a charm, and sufficiently proved that it had increased instead of diminishing the mental pleasures and resources of the pupils. Possibly the wide dissemination of this very interesting fact may be serviceable in stimulating guardians of the poor to annex schools of industry to the already established seminaries of juvenile paupers.

With respect to the moral and religious training of the Norwood children, it is impossible of course for any one after a single visit to say any thing, as from his own observation. Here I shall content myself with quoting the language of Dr Kay, in his account of the establishment contained in the Fifth Annual Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, to which the reader may be referred for much valuable matter on the training of pauper children. "The moral training (says he) pervades every hour of the day, from the period when the children are marched from their bedrooms to the wash-house in the morning, to that when they march back to their bedrooms at night. By the constant presence of some teacher as a companion during the hours of recreation, they are taught to amuse themselves without mutual encroachment; they are trained in the practice of mutual forbearance and kindness; they are taught to respect property not their own, to avoid faults of language and manner, to treat their superiors with respectful confidence; they are trained in the practice of their religious duties, in a reverential observance of the Sunday, and in deference to the instructions of their religious teachers. Propriety of demeanour in their bedrooms and at

meals is a matter of special anxiety." The schools are provided with a library, the books of which are anxiously perused by the more advanced pupils; and there is a gymnastic apparatus in the play-ground for developing their physical strength and activity. "The industrial training of the children has already had the effect of reducing the age at which they are received into service, and of rendering premiums for apprenticeship unnecessary; not, however, in consequence of their skill in a particular handicraft, but because the children have acquired industrious habits." A better testimony of the truth of all this could not be found, than in the simple fact, that both boys and girls are now eagerly sought for by masters and mistresses, so that no difficulty whatever exists in the way of their getting into an honest and regular means of employment.

With this I conclude my account of a visit to the Norwood School of Industry, hoping that, from what has been stated, the reader will not be surprised at my classifying it as one of the most interesting sights at present within the command of stranger or native in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

THE AMERICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

THE general government of the United States of America is now, as is pretty well known, the chief abettor of the odious traffic in slaves, both as respects importation from Africa and trading within the bounds of the Union. The Spanish, Portuguese, and some other flags, are no doubt still used in what we must call the piratical practices of the slavers, but the bulk of the trade is in the hands of American citizens, whose boast is to serve under "the star-spangled banner of liberty." If this revolting species of commerce cannot be prevented by Britain, except at the cost of a warlike contest, which every one must deprecate, the press can at least continue to agitate the question of abolishing slavery in the States, and thus, if possible, aid the cause of humanity and civilisation. We propose, therefore, to be humbly instrumental in turning attention to this deeply interesting subject; and in doing so, shall confine ourselves in the meanwhile to the following series of facts, gleaned from a work which has lately come into our hands, entitled, "View of the action of the Federal Government in behalf of Slavery, by William Jay," (New York, 1839.)

One of the most remarkable features in the internal branch of slave traffic in America, is the prevalence of a system of rearing negroes for market, on a principle as nearly as possible resembling that of rearing live stock, such as cattle, sheep, or pigs, for market in England. Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, also a part of Kentucky, are the principal slave-rearing districts for exportation. Mr Jay accounts for this peculiarity in the rural economy of these states as follows:—"The rapid extension of the cotton and sugar cultivation in the extreme south, together with the settlement of the new states of Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas, occasioned a prodigious demand for slaves; and the agriculturists of Virginia, and the neighbouring states, discovered that their most lucrative occupation was that of raising live stock for the southern and western markets. In Georgia and South Carolina, it has also been found more advantageous to export their supernumeraries to Mobile, New Orleans, or Natchez, than to employ them on their already well-stocked plantations. Hence has grown up an almost incredible transfer of slaves from the north to the south; and recently a new market has been opened in Texas, giving an additional stimulus to the trade."

In Virginia and Maryland the trade is carried on by dealers in the large towns, who purchase the young slaves from those who have reared them from their birth, or collected them from remote parts of the country. "Dealing in slaves," says the Baltimore Register, "has become a large business; establishments are made in several places in Maryland and Virginia, at which they are sold like cattle; these places of deposit are strongly built, and well supplied with cow-skins and other whips."

The nature of the trade may be understood from the advertisements of the Baltimore merchants. The following are among those quoted by Mr Jay:—

"Cash for Negroes.—The subscribers are particularly anxious to make a shipment of negroes shortly. All persons who have slaves to part with, will do well to call as soon as possible.—OVERLY AND SAUNDERS."

"The subscriber being desirous of making another shipment by the brig Adelaide to New Orleans, on the 1st of March, will give a good market price for fifty negroes from ten to thirty years old.—HENRY DAVIS."

"The subscriber wishes to purchase one hundred slaves of both sexes, from the age of ten to thirty, for which he is disposed to give much higher prices than have heretofore been given. He will call on those living in the adjacent counties to see any property.—ANSLEY DAVIS."

"Notice.—This is to inform my former acquaintances, and the public generally, that I yet continue in the slave-trade, at Richmond, Virginia, and will at all times buy

and give a fair market price for young negroes. Persons in this state, Maryland, or North Carolina, wishing to sell lots of negroes, are particularly requested to forward their wishes to me at this place. Persons wishing to purchase lots of negroes are requested to give me a call, as I keep constantly on hand at this place a great many on sale, and have at this time the use of one hundred young negroes, consisting of boys, young men, and girls. I will sell at all times at a small advance on cost to suit purchasers. I have comfortable rooms, with a jail attached, for the reception of the negroes; and persons coming to this place to sell slaves, can be accommodated, and every attention necessary will be given to have them well attended to; and when it may be desired, the reception of the company of gentlemen dealing in slaves will conveniently and attentively be received. My situation is very healthy, and suitable for the business.—LEWIS A. COLLIER."

Joseph Wood, of Hamburg, South Carolina, "a gentleman dealing in slaves," advertises that he "has on hand a likely parcel of Virginia negroes, and receives new supplies every fifteen days."

In 1829, it was estimated that the annual revenue to Virginia from the export of human flesh, was one million and a half of dollars. From this period the traffic steadily advanced, and in 1832 it had arrived at so high a pitch, that Thomas Jefferson Randolph declared in the legislature of the state, that Virginia had been converted into "one grand menagerie, where men were reared for market like oxen for the shambles." An idea of the increase in 1836 may be obtained from an article in the Virginia Times on the importance of increasing the banking capital of the Commonwealth: the writer estimates the number of slaves exported for sale during "the last twelve months" at forty thousand; each slave averaging in value six hundred dollars, and thus yielding a capital of twenty-four millions of dollars, of which the writer thinks at least thirteen millions might be contributed for banking purposes.

We shall have a very incorrect idea of the traffic in slaves in Virginia and other places, if we imagine that by the term *negroes* black-skinned human beings only are meant. The following notices offering rewards for runaway slaves, afford a tolerably convincing proof that *white* men may be classed as negroes, and pass by that name, when they happen to be the descendants of an African ancestry:—

"One hundred dollars reward will be given for the apprehension of my negro Edmund Kenney. He has straight hair, and complexion so nearly white, that it is believed a stranger would suppose there was no African blood in him. He was with my boy Dick a short time since in Norfolk, and offered him for sale, and was apprehended, but escaped under pretence of being a white man.—ANDERSON BOWLES."

"Fifty dollars reward will be given for the apprehension and delivery to me of the following slaves: Samuel, and Judy his wife, with their four children, belonging to the estate of Sacker Dubberly, deceased."

I will give ten dollars for the apprehension of William Dubberly, a slave belonging to the estate. William is about 19 years old, quite white, and would not readily be mistaken for a slave.—JOHN T. LANE."

"One hundred dollars reward.—Run away from the subscriber, a bright mulatto man slave, named Sam. Light sandy hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion; is so white as very easily to pass for a free white man. EDWIN PECK."

"Run away from the subscriber, working on the plantation of Colonel H. Tinker, a bright mulatto boy named Alfred. Alfred is about 18 years of age, pretty well grown, has blue eyes, light flaxen hair, skin disposed to freckle. He will try to pass as free-born. S.G. STEWART."

Mr Paxton, a Virginia writer, tells us in his work on slavery, that "the best blood in Virginia flows in the veins of the slaves."

Dr Torrey, in his work on Domestic Slavery in the United States, p. 14, says, "While at a public-house in Fredericktown, there came into the bar-room on Sunday, a decently dressed white man, of quite a light complexion, in company with one who was totally black. After they went away, the landlord observed that the white man was a slave. I asked him with some surprise, how that could be possible! To which he replied, that he was a descendant, by female ancestry, of an African slave. He also stated that not far from Fredericktown there was a slave estate, on which there were several white females, of as fair and elegant appearance as white ladies in general, held in legal bondage as slaves!"

A paper printed at Louisville, Kentucky, the 'Emporium,' relates a circumstance that occurred in that city, in the following terms:—"A laudable indignation was universally manifested among our citizens on Saturday last, by the exposure of a woman and two children for sale at public auction, at the front of our principal tavern. The woman and children were as white as any of our citizens; indeed, we scarcely ever saw a child with a fairer or clearer complexion than the younger one."—*Niles's Register*, June 1821."

The business of collecting and rearing slaves for the southern market, as we are told by Mr Jay, is carried on to no small extent in the district or small state of Columbia, as well as in Maryland and Virginia. This is the most disgraceful fact connected with the American slave-trade, for Columbia, in which Washington the capital is situated, is solely governed by the general Congress, which could hence abolish slavery in at least one district, without encroaching on the rights of any of the several states. A few advertisements culled by Mr Jay from the Washington newspapers, present the same points of character as those of Baltimore. The

* The breakfast of the children consists of hasty pudding made of flour and milk, also bread; three times a-week the dinner is of meat either roast or boiled, with vegetables; and supper every evening consists of bread and butter, and a quantity of sweet milk and water.

* By the Croydon railway, which passes at a short distance from the place, there is now a ready means of communication betwixt London and Norwood; the Annery station is the nearest stopping point. The school can be viewed only on Fridays at two o'clock, and by an order.

National Intelligencer of the 28th March 1836, contained the following announcements:—

"Cash for five hundred negroes, including both sexes, from ten to twenty-five years of age. Persons having likely servants to dispose of, will find it their interest to give us a call, as we will give higher prices in cash than any other purchaser who is now or may hereafter come into the market.—FRANKLIN AND AMFIELD, Alexandria."

"Cash for three hundred negroes.—The highest cash price will be given by the subscriber, for negroes of both sexes, from the ages of twelve to twenty-eight.—WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS, Washington."

"Cash for four hundred negroes, including both sexes, from twelve to twenty-five years of age.—JAMES H. BIRCH, Washington City."

"Cash for negroes.—We will at all times give the highest prices in cash for likely young negroes of both sexes, from ten to thirty years of age.—J. W. NEAL AND CO., Washington."

"Here," says Mr Jay, "we find three traders in the district advertising in one day for twelve hundred negroes, and a fourth offering to buy an indefinite number. In a later number of the Intelligencer we find the following:—

"Cash for negroes.—I will give the highest price for likely negroes from ten to twenty-five years of age.—GEORGE KEPHART."

"Cash for negroes.—I will give cash and liberal prices for any number of young and likely negroes, from eight to forty years of age. Persons having negroes to dispose of, will find it to their advantage to give me a call at my residence on the corner of Seventh Street and Maryland Avenue, and opposite Mr Williams's private jail.—WILLIAM H. RICHARDS."

"Cash for negroes.—The subscriber wishes to purchase a number of negroes for the Louisiana and Mississippi market. Himself or an agent at all times can be found at his jail, on Seventh Street.—WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS."

Fostered by Congress (continues the indignant abolitionist), these traders lose all sense of shame; and we have in the National Intelligencer the following announcement of the regular departure of three slaves, belonging to a single factory.

"Alexandria and New Orleans Packets.—Brig Tribune, Samuel C. Bush master, will sail as above on the 1st January—brig Isaac Franklin, William Smith master, on the 15th January—brig Uncas, Nath. Boush master, on the 1st February. They will continue to leave this port on the 1st and 15th of each month, throughout the shipping season. Servants that are intended to be shipped, will at any time be received for safe-keeping at twenty-five cents a day.—JOHN AMFIELD, Alexandria."

But the climax of infamy is still untold. This trade in blood; this buying, imprisoning, and exporting of boys and girls eight years old; this tearing sunder of husbands and wives, parents and children, is all legalised in virtue of authority delegated by Congress! The 249th page of the laws of the city of Washington is polluted by the following enactment, bearing date 28th July 1831:—"For a licence to trade or traffic in slaves for profit, four hundred dollars."

Such is the character and extent of the American slave-trade, impudently and wickedly called by the Senate 'the coasting trade'—a trade protected and regulated by the very government which, in the treaty of Ghent, with wonderful assurance, declared that 'the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of justice and humanity.'

Of the extent of the export trade in slaves from Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, and other places, to the southern and western markets, no statement has ever been presented in the commercial statistics of the United States, nor could such well be made, for the transport takes place by land as well as by sea. Whole coffles or gangs of chained slaves are driven long and painful journeys in the interior, much in the same manner as in the wilds of Africa. "The Rev. Mr Dickey, in a published letter (we quote from the authority before us), thus describes a coffle he met on the road in Kentucky:—"I discovered about forty black men all chained together in the following manner: each of them was handcuffed, and they were arranged in rank and file; a chain, perhaps forty feet long, was stretched between two ranks, to which short chains were joined, which connected with the handcuffs. Behind them were, I suppose, thirty women in double rank, the couples tied hand to hand."

Mr Dickey's statement is confirmed by the following touching account given by J. K. Paulding, the present secretary of the United States navy, in his "Letters from the South," published a few years ago in New York. "The sun was shining out very hot, and in turning an angle of the road we encountered the following group: first, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were tumbled like pigs together. The cart had no covering, and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings; next came three men, bareheaded, half naked, and chained together with an ox chain. Last of all came a white man on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing. I should like to have seen him hunted by bloodhounds. At a house where we stopped a little farther on, we learned that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner to some of the more southern states. Shame on the state of Maryland! I say—and shame on the state of Virginia! and every state through which this wretched

cavalcade was permitted to pass. Do they expect that such exhibitions will not dishonour them in the eyes of strangers, however they may be reconciled to them by education and habit?"

Mr Jay produces a number of other facts criminalative of the general government of the United States in the matter of foreign and domestic slavery, and these we recommend to the attention of those parties who are now anxiously agitating the subject in this country.

LEGACY-HUNTERS AND LEGATEES.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE first legacy-hunter I ever knew, was a girl in her teens, who lived next door to a wealthy misanthropic old gentleman, called Mistress Bridget Fenning. Mistress Bridget was an ancient spinster, of the most penurious habits and crabbed temper, bearing both in mind and person a strong resemblance to the description of one of those amiable creatures of fairy lore, yelete an ogress.

Mistress Bridget Fenning, who had neither relations nor friends, lived all alone in a small house in one of the back streets of Scrapelston-west, a little market-town situated almost at the world's end. She was completely antisocial in her habits, and was never seen abroad, except on a Saturday evening, when she crept forth, basket in hand, to pick up a bargain or two among the refuse of the provisions that had been left unsold in the market, and this supply always lasted for the ensuing seven days.

As she was a person in extreme old age, and nearly bent double with rheumatism, she experienced some difficulty in hobbling home with her freight, light as it was, and was very anxious to impose her burden on any good-natured young person who happened to be going the same way. Now, Maria Wakefield, her neighbour's niece, being a damsel of a remarkably stayed and meek deportment, was generally honoured by Mistress Bridget with the office of porter-in-ordinary on these occasions. Maria took this as a very favourable symptom of the rich old spinster's regard, especially as Mistress Bridget had condescendingly informed her aunt one day, "that she appeared a steady, well-disposed young person, who knew how to behave herself to her elders and betters, which would be the better for her, perhaps, one day."

Both Maria and her aunt forthwith conceived the most sanguine hopes from this intimation, especially as the old lady was destitute of heirs: it seemed to them the most natural thing in the world that Maria would be the fortunate legatee to whom her treasured hoards would be bequeathed, provided she only paid her sufficient attention.

From the moment the simple girl came to this conclusion, she surrendered her time, her pleasure, and her liberty, into the hands of the most unconscionable old wretch in Christendom, who made a favour of accepting her services, and vented all her splenetic humours on her in return for her exertions to please her. Mistress Bridget Fenning did not keep a domestic of any kind, not so much as a cat, in order to avoid the expense of feeding what she considered useless incumbrances in a house; as for wages, she would have died sooner than disburse a single shilling in that way to either servant or washerwoman.

In process of time Maria Wakefield took all these offices upon herself, without receiving the slightest acknowledgment in return, or indeed expecting it, except in the shape of a fat legacy, at which reward Mistress Bridget occasionally pointed when she required some extraordinary exertion on the part of her slave-voluntary.

After a diurnal apprenticeship of seven years to the whims of her rich neighbour, Maria Wakefield was given to understand that Mistress Bridget found the nights long and lonely, and would be glad of her company for a sleeping partner.

Hitherto Maria's evenings had been at her own disposal, but now, in compliance with Mistress Bridget's requisition, she patiently sacrificed this last precious remnant of her freedom into the hands of the encroaching old hag, who locked up her doors and went to bed at nine precisely in the summer, and eight in the winter. A farthing rushlight always lasted her a week, and if it were extinguished accidentally, she never permitted it to be relighted the same evening, but compelled Maria to undress her, and go to bed in the dark.

She neither bestowed supper nor breakfast on her obsequious attendant, but duly sent her home to her aunt for her meals, strictly charging her not to waste her time by staying longer than was absolutely necessary, for she had many things for her to do.

Maria was obediently attentive to all the instructions of Mistress Bridget, whose legal heiress she now considered herself; and, truth to tell, was in that light regarded by all the neighbourhood, and became an object of positive envy and ill-will on that account to all legacy-hunters who were not actively engaged in the pursuit of promising game of their own.

Every day the wealthy spinster grew more and more exacting and ill-tempered. Her infirmities increased, but there were no immediate hopes of her death. She assured Maria that she had made her will in her favour, and even offered her the satisfaction of perusing it; but it is rather a delicate matter for any one but a lawyer to avail themselves of such a permission in the testator's presence; so Maria modestly

declined the pleasure of ascertaining the precise amount of her future possessions.

The damsel's forbearance was so well pleasing to the rich woman, that she patted her on the back, told her she was a good girl, and would one day see what she had done for her in that same will.

It is, however, beyond the power of even the most subservient being in existence to retain the affection of such a whimsical and tyrannical personage as Mistress Bridget Fenning; generally, an irreparable breach sooner or later takes place in intimacies like that which is now described. The termination of Maria's period of service and cypophancy, which at length came to pass, may be taken as a warning by all who have the meanness to follow her example. One bitter cold night she was ordered by her mistress to heat a brick upon the hob for the purpose of placing it at her feet in bed. This she did with her usual complacency; but alas! alas! the brick proved over hot—why disguise the fact!—red hot on one of its sides, and this being unperceived by the luckless Maria, the burning of certain integuments of Mistress Bridget was the consequence. "Get out of my house," cried the infuriated ogress, "get out, you good-for-nothing hussy, and never presume to set foot in it again. It would be of no use if you did, for I shan't leave you a farthing."

The old jade kept her word, and Maria Wakefield reaped no other reward for her seven years' slavery than the derision of all her acquaintances. Mistress Bridget Fenning bequeathed the vast sum of her wealth to a person who never expected it, and who scarcely knew her by sight; a rich old bachelor, whose habits were almost as penurious as her own. "I leave my money to Mr Timothy Crompton," said she, "because it is evident he knows the value of money, and will take care of it and prize it accordingly."

The said legatee, Mr Timothy Crompton, was a crusty curmudgeon, whose only comment on hearing of this unexpected bequest was an ungracious growl, intimating "that he should be compelled, he supposed, to put himself to the expense of a suit of mourning for a person who was not in any way related to him."

After this great accession to his property, Mr Timothy Crompton became in his turn an object of increased interest to all the legacy-hunters of Scrapelston-west, who had the honour of being of his acquaintance, and of speculation to many who were not. He afforded very little encouragement to persons of this description, for he rejected all presents, and returned civilities with insults; nevertheless, he was most closely and perseveringly besieged with the attentions of a legacy-hunting cousin-german, who was bent on supplanting the heir-presumptive to the accumulated wealth of the rich man. The heir-at-law of Mr Timothy Crompton was a sister's orphan son, a wild, thoughtless, young fellow, with all the spendthrift propensities that, generally speaking, pertain to a miser's heir. There was of course no friendly feeling between these rival kinsmen of the wealthy Mr Timothy Crompton, though they had some remarkable points of similarity in accidental circumstances respecting them, which were sometimes productive of confusion and inconvenient mistakes. Both were named Henry Glasspoole, and both were lieutenants, serving in the same regiment; consequently it was not always easy to know which Lieutenant Henry Glasspoole was meant when one was mentioned, without a particular explanation was given. They were constantly opening each other's letters, and more than once the worldly-wise Henry Glasspoole was in danger of being arrested for the debts of his thoughtless cousin; but this he well knew how to turn to his own sinister purposes in representing the matter to Mr Timothy Crompton.

The two Glasspooles were brothers' sons, but the mother of the elder Henry Glasspoole was the aunt of Mr Timothy Crompton; that of the younger Henry (or Harry Glasspoole, as he was generally called) was the sister of that amiable person.

Harry Glasspoole was gay, good-humoured, rash, and extravagant. All his follies and foibles were related to his uncle, with malicious exaggeration, by his designing cousin, who had exchanged into the same regiment, in order to become a spy upon all his actions. Timothy Crompton would have regarded the violation of every article in the Decalogue as trivial offences on the part of his nephew, in comparison with the crime of extravagance; but when that sin was proved against him beyond the power of contradiction, he resolved on making a will for the purpose of disinheriting the graceless spendthrift. He did so, and bequeathed his thousands and tens of thousands to the greedy legacy-hunter, who had played the part of informer and supplanter. The rich man did not long survive the painful exertion of appointing a successor to his worshipped wealth. It appeared to him like signing his own death-warrant, and he would have committed the document to the flames, if the remembrance of the cost of the parchment had not deterred him. It went against his nature to waste any thing, especially a thing so expensive.

He fell sick. The Scrapelston apothecary, who was also a legacy-hunter, paid him friendly visits, physicked him gratis, and supplied him with a nurse.

"Ah, nurse," sighed Mr Timothy Crompton, "I shall surely die."

"Die, sir!" ejaculated the nurse with great naïveté; "to be sure, sir, you don't mean to be so foolish as to die! Lauk, sir! you had better stay where you are, for you'll never be so well off any where else."

"I am of the same opinion, nurse," replied the rich man, and—gave up the ghost.

And now arose a difficulty for the executors of the last will and testament of Mr Timothy Crompton, which no one had foreseen.

In accordance with his usual system of small savings, Mr Timothy Crompton had made his own will, in which he bequeathed the whole of his property, real and personal, to his dearly beloved relative Henry Glaspoole, Esq. of his majesty's—regiment of light infantry, but which of his two relatives of that name serving in that regiment, was by no means indicated, unless the epithet "dearly beloved" was intended to denote the favoured individual. Each Henry Glaspoole contended that he, and he alone, was the "dearly beloved" named in the last will and testament of the late Mr Timothy Crompton, and claimed the benefit of his bequest.

Mutual friends advised a compromise, but neither of the claimants felt disposed to resign any portion of a property, to which each considered himself legally entitled; so it was agreed by all parties that there was no remedy but an appeal to Chancery. Fortunately, however, for Henry Glaspoole the no-legacy-hunting nephew, the cause was settled in his favour in a very unexpected manner, by a decree more immutable than was ever pronounced by a lord chancellor either of whig or tory principles; that decree summoned Henry Glaspoole, the legacy-hunter, to his last account in such a hurry, that he, who had spent all his life in thinking of another man's will, had not time to make his own, but died intestate, leaving his rival, who was his nearest of kin, the undisputed heir not only to the fortune of Mr Timothy Crompton, but to his own.

It is not always that affairs of this kind are disposed of with so satisfactory a measure of poetic justice, for Mammon being the prince of this world, we sometimes find his votaries in a more thriving condition than honest people could wish. Yet, with regard to the business of legacy-hunting, I think experience will sufficiently prove, that for one instance of success, there are at least five hundred failures in that honourable calling.

THE SOCIAL SYSTEM OF FOURIER.

BY GIBBONS MERLE.

It is not generally known that there is a sect of Socialists in France, who, although differing materially from Mr Owen in the details of their plan, have the same object in view, namely, the melioration of the general condition of society.

Charles Fourier, from whom the sect took its rise, was born at Besançon, in France, on the 7th of April 1772. His parents, who had followed a trading profession, intended him to pursue the same career, and gave him an education fitted to their views. His maternal uncle, who had made a large fortune in trade, was also desirous that Fourier should follow similar pursuits. In 1780, this uncle retired from business, and purchased letters of nobility. At his death he bequeathed two millions of francs to his heirs. Young Fourier evinced the possession of talent at an early age. At seven he wrote a poetical essay on the death of a pastry-cook, which astonished the professors of the college at which he was placed, and in 1785 he carried off the two chief prizes of his class for Latin poetry. His favourite study at this time was geography, and he passed whole nights over maps which he had purchased with his pocket-money. The culture of flowers was his favourite recreation. His room was a flower garden, in which he had collected plants of various countries, and for which he adopted various modes of culture. He was passionately fond of music, and at a subsequent period continued to cultivate the science, and made it, as it were, the natural algebra of his writings. The heart of Fourier was always in harmony with his professions. When at school, he shared for a long time his breakfast with a poor half-starved peasant, and this self-abnegation was not known until the individual in whose favour it was exercised, could, by the absence of Fourier, speak of it without wounding his delicacy. On quitting school, Fourier was sent to a commercial house at Lyons, and having distinguished himself by his judgment and good conduct, was chosen by the heads of the establishment to represent them in a commercial tour to their customers. In those days the competition among wholesale dealers had not risen to such a height as to render regular journeys necessary, and the commercial traveller was generally a young man of good family, who made his journey as much a tour of improvement as of business. In this way Fourier visited the greater part of France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and returned to Lyons with a mind enriched by observation. In 1793, Fourier entering into business on his own account, laid out the whole of his patrimonial property in colonial produce, and Lyons having been declared in a state of siege by the Convention, he was suddenly ruined. He was subsequently arrested several times by the agents of that reign of terror, and escaped with life almost by miracle. In the same year he was included in the grand requisition, and compelled to enter the army, in which he served six years. On his return to Lyons he devoted himself with ardour to his system of association, and contributed many articles of high interest to the *Bulletin de Lyon*. His first work, called *The Theory of the Four Great Movements*, was printed in

1808, but remained almost unknown until the year 1816, when it was accidentally seen by M. Juste Murion, who resolved to promulgate it. His next work, called *A Treatise on Domestic and Agricultural Association*, in two large volumes, was published through the pecuniary aid of M. Murion. In 1825, Fourier, who had paid a visit to Paris, where he made a fruitless attempt to propagate his doctrines, returned to Lyons in such a state of poverty, that he was glad to accept a situation as a clerk in a commercial house, with a salary of only 1200 francs per annum. His *New Industrial World* (*Nouveau Monde Industriel*) was published in 1829; and in 1831 he published a pamphlet called *Delusions and Quackery of the Sects of Owen and St Simon* (*Pièges et Charlatanisme des Sectes Owen et St Simon*), in which he indulged in a strain of abuse, for which he frequently afterwards expressed his deep regret. In 1832, he contributed some articles to the journal called *Le Phalanstère*, which was founded in that year, and in 1835 published two volumes entitled *False Industry* (*La Fausse Industrie*). On the 9th of October 1837, he died in a state of great moral discouragement at the ill success of his plans for the improvement of society.

It is only since the death of Fourier that his projects have met with public attention, and been in some manner carried into execution. A society or sect of Fourierists has been established, but although it has made many converts, it still may be considered in its infancy. Whether that infancy is to become manhood, or to attain merely its teens, must depend as much upon circumstances over which the society has no control, as upon its own conduct. Persecution and disdain have been alternately shown by the authorities, but under the reign of the present mild government in France, it has a fair chance of arriving at distinction, if its merits be such as its partisans proclaim them to be; at least neither persecution nor contempt will be resorted to for the purpose of preventing the promulgation of their doctrines. So little, indeed, is the government disposed to prevent their progress, that the law which in France prohibits the assembling of more than nineteen persons at one time without the special permission of the police and the presence of a police officer, is seldom if ever enforced on the occasion of their public meetings, although there is reason to believe that many violent young men of that turbulent class called *La Jeune France* are members of the society. The number of enrolled members is not very considerable, and the monthly banquet which takes place in Paris is seldom attended by more than fifty or sixty persons; but there are various branch societies in Paris and in the French provinces which adopt the social system of Fourier, although they do not profess to be governed by all the obligations of the parent institution. They all, however, profess to take for their motto the words of Fourier, *Neutrality in politics and religion*, and to seek to arrive at their object by the force of moral energy, and an open disavowal of physical violence. Until very recently, the society had only one public organ of their opinions, which appears once a month, and is called the *Phalange*; but as members have branched off and devoted themselves to special modes of working out the main principle, other publications have been started, amongst which the most prominent are the *Chronique du Mouvement Social*, and the *Nouveau Monde*, which are regular periodicals. The most influential writers in these papers are M. Reverchen, a Frenchman, M. Doherty, an Englishman many years resident in France, and M. Czyski, a Pole. The latter has lately distinguished himself by a little pamphlet in a cheap form called *Atteint des Ouvriers*, in which he points out the folly and criminality of acts of violence on the part of the labouring classes, and attempts to convince them that they can only obtain the melioration of their condition by the unwearied exercise of virtuous industry, and an enlightened system of association. The parent society has many partisans in Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and the United States. At Lyons there is a division of Fourierists under the name of *Union Harmonieuse*, and which boasts of having corresponding societies in thirty-four towns in France and in Switzerland and Algeria. It would appear, also, that the system has been introduced into Texas by an enlightened German. This gentleman, after studying the social condition in France, proceeded to the United States for the same purpose; and there, although he found none of those old institutions of what the labouring classes in Europe have been accustomed to complain as the source of the evils of their condition, and saw all the democratic changes which have been here clamoured for by the mass as a panacea, in full force, he witnessed the same demoralisation and the same absence of what the Fourierists consider real knowledge, as amongst the same class of persons in Europe. Determined to try the effect of the social system on a practical scale, this gentleman has induced fifty German families of New York to emigrate to Texas, where they are to live in community under the direction of a Fourierist, and it is expected that another emigration of one hundred German families will take place in the autumn of the present year. This little colony is called the *Phalange*, and is to be governed by the following statutes:—

1. The property of each individual in furniture, utensils, instruments of labour, and money, is to be placed in the hands of a committee, in exchange for certificates of shares, which may be exchanged or sold amongst the colonists.

2. No new member is to be admitted without the approbation of two-thirds of the society.

3. Trading is prohibited, except by the medium of the committee, who are to make all sales and purchases.

4. Members are to be allowed to quit the society, which is to repay all their advances.

5. The labour is to be performed by *series*, which are to be subdivided in *groups*. The *groups* are to appoint chiefs, and the chiefs of the groups to appoint those of the series; the latter are to name the central committee, and the central committee are to appoint the director or manager.

6. The gains of the community are to be thus divided—labour, five-twelfths; talent, three-twelfths; capital, four-twelfths.

7. The society are to educate the children, and the sick are to be attended to in the same manner.

8. The infirm members unable to labour are to have a decent maintenance from the society.

9. All the officers are to be elected for one year only, but they may be re-elected.

10. In the first instance, the *Phalange* is to be composed exclusively of Germans, but this regulation may be subsequently modified.

11. The maintenance of order and regularity, and the moral government of the society, are to be left to the chiefs of the *groups* and *series*; daily reports are to be made to the director, and by him to the committee, who are to have power to inflict punishment for slight offences. For grave offences, expulsion may be pronounced, but in such case the society alone can give final judgment.

This is the first attempt to carry the doctrines of Fourier into practical operation, but the parent society is endeavouring to make arrangements for doing it on an extensive scale in France; and the *Nouveau Monde* announces that Mr Doherty has been invited by some capitalists in Ireland to get up a practical society in that country. It will be very curious, if this should be realised, to see the working of the two systems of Owen and Fourier, the one in Ireland, and the other in England. The public will therefore have an opportunity of ascertaining how much of real good there is in both or either of these systems, and whether the practical difficulties which were opposed as an argument against them really formed part of their essential character, or were the mere actions of human prejudice, which is so apt to regard as visionary what it cannot at once understand.

It will be seen from the rules laid down for the government of the colony at Texas, that the bases of the system are—an integral association for domestic agriculture and manufacturing labour; the equitable division of profits, according to the application of capital, talent, and labour. The objects aimed at are—a production quadruple that of the present system of society, the rendering of labour attractive and agreeable, the attainment of comfort and happiness by all the members of the society, and general harmony and unity throughout the civilised world. On this latter point many of the admirers of the system of Fourier, as far as the melioration of the condition of the labouring classes is concerned, differ from the founder of the society. They regard his plans for the regeneration of mankind as visionary, although they are very willing to adopt his spirit of association for all the practical purposes of life. Hence it is that whilst all the branch societies respect the principles and views of the amiable individual to whom they owe their existence, they confine themselves more or less to those portions of his system which may be at once tried without trenching upon the attributes of established governments, and the institutions which are immediately under their guidance and control. It must be observed, however, that in every case the Fourierists contend for an entire change in the mode of education, which, according to their plan, is to be public, in order that children may not be exposed to the chance of a neglected or perverted education by their parents.

Madame Gatti de Gamond, a Belgian lady, has recently published an account of Fourier and his system, which has gone rapidly through three editions, and which continues to attract great notice. As an instance of this, it is stated in the *Nouveau Monde*, that a French capitalist has offered to place at her disposal a sum of 50,000 francs towards the foundation of the first practical essay of which she may approve. Madame Gatti thus describes the nature of the association proposed by Fourier:—"The smallest number of which a Phalanstère can be composed, is 400 individuals, or 80 families; the largest to which it can extend, is 1800 persons, or 400 families. If there be more or less, the attainment of harmony will be impossible. In an essay of 400 persons, there should be a general aptitude for occupation; unequal fortunes as much graduated, however, as possible, each bringing his share of capital, skill, and labour, or one of these three. The dwellings should be of different dimensions, and their styles of living according to the different fortunes. He who brings only his labour, is at once to receive the minimum as relates to the food, lodging, and clothing; of another class, each labourer being paid his share of its proceeds, will soon be in a condition to repay the advances which may have been made for him by the community, acquire talent, and thus participate in the retribution of that talent. The maintenance of the sick, the infirm, and children up to five years of age, is to be at the charge of the community. Transferable shares are to be given to those who bring capital or

property into the common stock; and capitalists, not otherwise members of the community, may be allowed to contribute, taking, at their option, either a fixed dividend of 8 per cent., or a dividend upon the portion of the profits to be set aside for capital. Children are to be entitled, after the age of five, to a proportion of the gains of the community, which are to be laid aside for them until they attain their majority." In another part she describes the arrangement of a *Phalanstère*:—"The centre is to be consecrated to dining-rooms, an exchange, committee-rooms, libraries, and school-rooms; here also are to be the place of worship, the telegraph, and the observatory. In one wing are to be the manufactories for labour attended with noise, and in the other the sleeping-rooms, ball-rooms, and reception-rooms. Near the public hall for dining, are to be smaller rooms for those groups or series who may prefer dining by themselves, and also rooms for private social meetings. The stabling and warehouses are to be opposite the main edifice. In addition to the grand courtyard, there is to be a courtyard for the winter, planted with evergreens. The whole building is to be so arranged that all the communications may be under cover, and heated so as to keep up a constant and genial temperature."

The mode of classing the Phalansterians for the purposes of labour, recreation, and education, is detailed in the condensed view of Fourier's system, which has been published by Madame Gatti. Much of this resembles the system proposed by Mr Owen, and could only interest the reader in connection with the development of the whole plan, of which this article is intended to be merely a general outline. Fourier, like Owen, proposes to make labour useful to all by its becoming the amusement of all, and, like Owen, he goes further than the mere organisation of families in one community for their own particular exigencies. He also would regenerate society in all its bases; but his disciples, less enthusiastic than himself, and more prudent, perhaps, inasmuch as they know that the deep-rooted prejudices of society must to a certain extent be indulged, if they cannot be respected, until they shall disappear under the influence of practical conviction, have confined themselves to such parts of the system as may be at once brought into operation without exciting the fears of any government, or of any class of persons. The greater part of the branch societies limited their views to the establishment of agricultural and commercial communities, governed by their own laws so far as may regard all their internal regulations, but demanding for themselves no greater degree of liberty, as regards the established institutions, than can be fairly conceded by any government and in any country. Hence it is that the modified Fourierists are gaining ground and receiving offers of capital, and even a certain degree of encouragement from the French government.

MANCHESTER AS IT IS.

THIS is the title of a little volume recently published by Messrs Love and Barton of Manchester, as a guide to what they well describe as the *manufacturing metropolis of England*. It contains a great quantity of useful information, condensed into small space, arranged with judgment, and written with neatness and propriety. Some of the references which it makes to business transactions of this extraordinary town, are of a very interesting nature, and we believe we shall be gratifying our readers, without injury to the publishers, by extracting them.

There are several mercantile firms, we are told, in Manchester, who each make sales to the extent of one million sterling per annum, and who employ nearly fifty salesmen and clerks. In walking the streets, it is remarked, "the bustle and activity, the loading and unloading of waggons, the carriers' carts waiting to receive packages, and the dyers' and bleachers' vans waiting to deliver pieces, the wagon-loads of cotton, the immense iron-hooped bales for exportation, drawn along the streets, which, at the most hasty glance, cannot fail to convey to the mind of a stranger an idea of the amazing amount of commerce that is daily transacted."

The mills are immense buildings, raised to the height of six, seven, and eight stories, erected at an expense of many thousands of pounds, and are filled with machinery, costing as many more. The capital sunk in a single mill will sometimes be £50,000, and frequently is as much as £100,000. Some of the mills contain nearly two thousand hands. A visit to one of the largest mills, if an introduction can be procured, is a gratifying treat. The rooms are kept in the most perfect state of cleanliness, and the strictest order and regularity prevail. Every operation is performed by rule, and the subdivision of labour is carried out in the most minute manner." As a specimen, that of Messrs Birley and Co. is described. Here several hundred thousand pounds have been sunk in buildings and machinery. "The number of hands employed by this firm is sixteen hundred, whose wages annually amount to the sum of £40,000. The amount of moving power is equivalent to the labour of 397 horses. The number of spindles in the mills is about 80,000. The annual consumption of raw cotton is about 4,000,000 pounds weight! The annual consumption of coal is 8000 tons. It will perhaps excite surprise in a person unacquainted with the nature of machinery

when informed that the annual consumption of oil, for the purpose of oiling the machinery, is about 5000 gallons; and the consumption of tallow, for the same purpose, 50 hundred-weight. The annual cost of gas is £600. One room alone, belonging to this firm, contains upwards of 600 power-looms. The establishment in which the fabric is manufactured for waterproof clothing, such as 'Macintosh cloaks,' belongs to Messrs Birley and Co., and is a part of their concern. The number of hands employed in this business varies from two hundred to six hundred. The immense amount of 250,000 pounds weight of India-rubber is annually consumed in the process of manufacture, to dissolve which, 100,000 gallons of spirits are employed.

The method of paying the wages of the work-people in Messrs Birley and Co.'s establishment, is one that is worthy of imitation, and ought to be made known. By procuring a large amount of silver and copper every week, each individual receives his or her wages separately before leaving the premises, thus obviating the necessity of going to the public-house or beer-shop to seek change, a practice much too general on the Saturday evenings. To a stranger, the paying of so large a number of work-people would appear a work of some difficulty; but so excellent are the arrangements, that the whole amount is counted and distributed for payment by one individual in about two hours."

The making of machinery is now one of the most important departments of Manchester business. In steam-engine-making and engineering, one of the principal establishments is that of Mr Fairbairn, to which we some time ago made allusion in this work. Here "the *heaviest* description of machinery is manufactured, including steam-engines, water-wheels, locomotive-engines, and mill-gearing. There are from five hundred and fifty to six hundred hands employed in the various departments; and a walk through the extensive premises in which this great number of men are busily at work, affords a specimen of industry, and an example of practical science, which can scarcely be surpassed. In every direction of the works the utmost system prevails, and each mechanic appears to have his peculiar description of work assigned, with the utmost economical subdivision of labour. All is activity, yet without confusion. Smiths, strikers, moulders, millwrights, mechanics, boiler-makers, pattern-makers, appear to attend to their respective employments with as much regularity as the working of the machinery they assist to construct.

In one department mechanics are employed in building those mighty machines which have augmented so immensely the manufacturing interests of Great Britain, namely, steam-engines. All sizes and dimensions are frequently under hand, from the diminutive size of 8 horses' power, to the enormous magnitude of 400 horses' power. One of this latter size contains the vast amount of 200 tons or upwards of metal, and is worth, in round numbers, from £5000 to £6000.

The process of casting metal is conducted here on a very large scale. Castings of twelve tons weight are by no means uncommon: the beam of a 300 horses' power steam-engine weighs that amount. Fly-wheels for engines, and water-wheels, though not cast entire, are immense specimens of heavy castings. A fly-wheel for an engine of 100 horses' power, measures in diameter 26 feet, and weighs about 35 tons. In this establishment some of the largest water-wheels ever manufactured, and the heaviest mill-gearing, have been constructed; one water-wheel, for instance, measuring 62 feet in diameter. The average weekly consumption of metal in these works in the process of manufacturing, owing to the quantity of wrought-iron used, and the immense bulk of the castings, is 60 tons or upwards, or 3120 tons annually.

The preparation of patterns—wood fac-similes of the castings—is a very costly process. Every piece of machinery, before it can be cast, must be constructed in wood; and these *patterns*, as they are termed, are made to form, in sand, the mould into which the liquid ore is poured. Fifty men are daily employed in making patterns. The patterns, which are part of the proprietor's stock in trade, are worth many thousand pounds. After being used, the most important are painted and varnished, and laid carefully aside, in a dry room, to be ready for use when machines may accidentally get broken, or to aid in the construction of new ones. The patterns are made frequently of mahogany.

A most curious machine is employed for the purpose of planing iron, and by means of its aid, iron shavings are stripped off a solid mass of metal, with apparently as much ease as if it were wood, and with the greatest regularity and exactness. Not the least interesting department of these works is that appropriated to boiler-making. Boilers, for steam-engines, are composed of a number of plates of wrought-iron, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in thickness. They are rivetted together with rivets about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch diameter, holes to receive which are punched through the plates by a powerful yet simple machine, with as much facility as if the resistance was mere air. The process of rivetting was, on the old method, an extremely noisy one; but a new plan is adopted here, and by it the work is performed silently, and much more efficiently. Some time ago about fifty boiler-makers were employed by Mr Fairbairn. They 'struck,' as it is termed, because their employer infringed, as they considered, upon their privileges, by introducing a few labourers, not in 'the union,' to perform the drudgery connected with the work. On this occurring, Mr Fairbairn and Mr

Robert Smith invented a machine which superseded the labour of forty-five out of the fifty of his boiler-makers. The work is performed by the machine much quicker, more systematically, and, as before said, without noise.

This extensive concern forwards its manufactures to all parts of the world. The stranger is told, on inquiry, that *this* article is for Calcutta, *that* for the West Indies; this for St Petersburg, *that* for New South Wales: and there are, besides, men belonging to it located in various parts of Europe, who are employed, under the direction of Mr Fairbairn, in superintending the erection of work manufactured on these premises.

Many of the hands employed receive from £2 to £3 weekly wages, and scarcely any, except common labourers, receive less than 25s. per week. The total weekly wages amount to nearly one thousand pounds! From these facts, some idea of the capital necessary to conduct a concern of this description may be imagined."

THE FORTUNES OF THE GRENADEER MOREAU.

WONDERFUL enough in all points of view, the victories of the French under the Empire were in nothing so extraordinary, as with respect to the great and eventful changes which they produced in the condition and fortunes of individuals of all ranks and classes, from the conscript peasant to the possessor of a throne. No Arabian story-teller ever dreamt of inventing such things as were then seen to take place in real life, and of this truth the city of Tours, in the year 1829, witnessed one striking proof, in the history of the grenadier Moreau, whose name is prefixed to the present narrative. It was in the year 1806 that this individual, then a youth of twenty, was sent from the recruiting depot in his native town of Tours towards the Prussian frontier, where the Emperor Napoleon was at the time concentrating his forces, and preparing for the opening of a great campaign. Eugene Moreau was descended from a family which had once been of high provincial respectability, but had become latterly so much decayed that his immediate progenitors held the humble position of small farmers, or, to speak more plainly, of peasants. As regarded personal appearance, Eugene would have done honour to the noblest ancestry. To say that he was merely handsome, would be disparaging and unjust. His person was tall and beautifully formed; his features remarkably fine and regular, and his eye dark, sparkling, and animated; while his air and gait were at once pleasing and noble. In short, a sculptor would have had but to cover the youth's black and glossy locks with a Greek head-piece, to have in him a perfect model of the goddess-born Achilles, or the more graceful Antinous.

The eye of the emperor was too searching and discriminative not to alight soon on such a figure as that of Moreau. On reaching Bamberg, a Bavarian town where the first head-quarters of the grand army were established, the young recruit chanced to fall in Napoleon's way. After a momentary glance of admiration, the emperor turned to an inferior officer behind him, and, pointing with his finger to Moreau, exclaimed, "That stripling is for my guard." Moreau heard the words, and imagined at the moment that he felt in his grasp the baton of a marshal of France. For the time, his fanciful anticipation was no further gratified than in his finding a place among the private grenadiers of the third regiment of the imperial guard. But youth and hope kept his fancy still at work in drawing magnificent pictures of the future. More particularly was this the case, when, wrapped in his cloak and stretched on the ground by the side of the bivouac fire, he listened to the older soldiers going over their reminiscences of Egypt, and revelling in exaggerated descriptions of the riches which their eyes had there beheld, or perhaps their hands had touched, and of the dark-eyed sultanas, glittering with pearls and diamonds, who had smiled upon the soldier's path, and offered, it may be, to follow him over the world. Moreau had received but an ordinary education, and simplicity was a natural characteristic of his mind. He knew not yet what war really was, and his ear drank in such recitals, till he became accustomed to regard the hopes excited by them as certain to be realised in his own case.

The French army ran over a portion of Prussia, and came to the vast plain of Jena. There, as every one knows, was fought a mighty battle, which delivered over Berlin to the Emperor of France. This great conflict has nothing to do with the particular history of Moreau, but it is a matter of justice to say that he fought in it like a lion, and helped well to maintain the fame of the guard of which he was a member. Subsequently to the engagement, the main army marched upon the Prussian capital, while a small division to which Moreau was attached, was ordered to take station temporarily at Weimar.

In the distribution of billets at Weimar, our young soldier got one fixing him singly upon a little chateau about a mile distant from the town. As the light-hearted Eugene walked from the town to his destined abode, scarcely feeling the weight of his arms or his knapsack, his thoughts ran back over the changes which had taken place during the last six months of his life. In May, a peasant, labouring on his father's little field; in October, a soldier—a member of Napoleon's guard, and one of the conquerors of Jena; and who knew how grand the next change might be! His company had lost many men, and had performed prodigies of valour. The hour of reward was yet to come, and then his arm might be decorated by the corporal's or sergeant's stripes—the only honourable kind of them—and even the cross of honour might be planted on his breast. Such were Moreau's imaginings as he drew near to the chateau, pointed out to him as the place designed in his billet. He rang the gate bell, and the door opened instantly. Stepping forward into the court, he saw no human being, but two furious dogs met him in the face, and threatened to tear him to pieces. In fact, the servants, seeing the soldier approach, had thought this a fit way to receive and repulse an enemy. But Moreau was not one to beat a retreat on such grounds as these. Keeping the dogs at bay with his musket, he cried, "Hollo!—down, you vicious brutes! Hollo! you inside there! call off the dogs, else I shall be obliged to hurt them! Hollo!"

No one chose to hear the cry, however, and Moreau struck one of the dogs lifeless at his feet by a blow from the butt end of his piece. The other animal he dexterously contrived to seize by one of the hind legs, and, swinging it above his head with a powerful arm, dashed out its brains against the court wall. He then tranquilly advanced to the inner entrance of the chateau, which was half open. As he pushed this door to the wall, he saw a whole posse of domestics flying out at an opposite side of the lobby hall. Eugene thought to himself that a soldier of the emperor's guard had a right to better treatment than this, but he was patient and sweet-tempered; so he said nothing, but marched forward. Apartment after apartment showed him no living person, and he began to grow wearied of this style of reception, as well as a little irritated thereby, when all at once he heard the sound of a female voice. Following the direction, he soon found himself in a retired chamber, face to face with a young lady, who was seated with her harp by her side, and her fingers in the act of touching its chords.

"*Mein herr*," said the startled young lady, and then paused; for her eye had caught the tricoloured cockade in the soldier's cap, indicating that he belonged to the hostile army that had invaded her country. "*Monsieur*," said she, changing her address from her mother tongue to that of her visitor. But she carried her speech no further. Her fingers quitted her harp, and she remained motionless before the young soldier of France.

Often, often did Moreau in after years describe that first interview, and always with a degree of tenderness that affected the hearer, though circumstances might make him doubtful at the time of the truth of the narration. All Moreau's anger fled at the sight of the lady; his face trembled in his hand; and that fair-haired beauty of the north, with her blue eyes and her snow-like skin, appeared to him far to surpass all the pictures which his older comrades had drawn of Egyptian loveliness. Her eye was cast on him with an expression at once of entreaty and kindness, as if beseeching his protection and proffering a friendly reception. It would appear as if she had noticed his impatient look on entering the room. "My servants," said she, when, after a pause, she followed up her first word *monsieur*, "my servants have received you inhospitably, but they are grieved at late events, and grief does not reason." But poor Moreau was already so far from feeling anger, that he could almost have knelt down and asked pardon for having killed the lady's dogs, though, had he not done so, they would probably have torn him in pieces.

The Countess Diana de Drucken was the name of the lady in whose chateau Moreau now took up his residence. She was a widow, and still extremely young, having been married almost in childhood to a wealthy old noble, at the wish or rather command of her proud and ambitious brothers and kindred. Her husband soon died, leaving no child to inherit his wealth. The young countess lived alone at the time when fortune brought Moreau to the chateau. Whether from the lady's desire not to provoke an invading enemy, or from other motives personal to Moreau (whose ancestral respectability she soon learnt from conversation with himself), certain it is that he was entertained, during his stay of several weeks, like an honoured guest. He occupied the apartments of the late master of the mansion, and the same domestics who had lately received him so curiously, became his devoted slaves. In his simplicity, the young soldier was no whit astonished at all this; he found it quite natural to live in a beautiful chateau, to walk (not alone) every morning in a magnificent park, to mount the finest horses for an evening ride, to be served by lacqueys covered with embroidery, and to dine on three courses daily with a countess. Had not he heard at the bivouac fires, that such was the soldier's common fortune in Egypt! Moreover, he loved the countess, and, remembering the ancient honours of his family more than his present condition, he thought not of concealing his love.

On him the passion took its usual effect; it softened his manners, gave inspiration to his tongue, and threw a grace and delicacy over his every thought and every action. The sincerity of his love was too obvious to be doubted for an instant. He was young (in truth, almost a boy-soldier), beautiful, and a conqueror. The Countess Diana could not help herself. Though seeing their true relative position much more clearly than Moreau did, the passion of the soldier found an echo ere long in her bosom. She had none about her to keep her pride of rank awake. An old infirm chaplain, verging on the grave, was her only present friend and counsellor, and he was too much attached to her to make any annoying opposition to her wishes. The issue may be guessed.

The happy Moreau saw nothing in the future but visions of pleasure and joy. He loved too sincerely ever to cast a thought on the fortune of the countess, but he had other ambitious thoughts. "It is true," said he, "that I am only one of the humble soldiers of the emperor, but it is from among them that he chooses his captains, and I feel assured that I shall become one of them." The countess was less hopeful of the future, but she could not cast a damp over these anticipations. And when the period of Moreau's stay came to a close, when his detachment was ordered to join headquarters, she did not express to the young soldier the fears that filled her own mind whenever the thought of her haughty relatives, and of her reunion with them, crossed her memory. The last words of Moreau were, "It is but necessary that I should speak to my major, and he will speak to the emperor, and all will be arranged." The countess swore to be ever faithful; and Moreau promised that he would be careful of his life, and return with the cross of honour, and the epaulettes of an officer. Bathed with the countess's tears, the young soldier then took his way from the chateau, but often cast back his eyes, and gazed, as long as he could see it, on the hand of the lady of his love waving a kerchief in token of reiterated farewells.

The soldier of the guard rejoined his regiment an altered being. A marshal's baton no longer glittered before his eyes; a parchment, sealed with the great seal of the empire, and authorising his legal union with the Countess Diana de Drucken, was the object to which all his thoughts tended. He forbore to speak of the lady of the chateau to his comrades, but to his major he took an opportunity of revealing all. That officer replied briefly, "Ah! well, my fine lad, all this may be true, but we can say and do nothing about it till we come to the emperor's headquarters." Soon afterwards, Moreau's regiment entered Potsdam only some hours before the expected arrival of the emperor, and was drawn up beside the palace of Sans-Souci, to be reviewed by him as he passed. Napoleon's visage was bland and smiling as he moved slowly on his white battle-horse along the ranks which had so bravely fought at Jena. When he came before the spot where Moreau stood, the latter, who had made up his mind to plead his own cause, stood forward from the ranks, presented arms, and begged permission to say a word. "Speak," said the emperor, who encouraged these personal appeals. "I wish to marry, sire, if it be your good pleasure," said Moreau. "What! in the middle of a campaign?" replied Napoleon; "what suttler gipsy has deceived you to this?" "Sire!" said the simple-hearted Moreau, "it is no suttler, but a lady near Jena, who is beautiful as an angel, and rich as the maynoress of Tours." The emperor smiled, and the young soldier continued—"She has sworn her faith to me; and, for me, I have promised to her to have one day the cross of honour and the epaulettes of a captain." "Her name?" said the emperor. "The Countess Diana de Drucken," was Moreau's answer.

At this name the emperor showed a degree of displeased surprise. In a second or two he exclaimed, "Fy! you a soldier of France, to forget yourself thus, and wish to degrade yourself and your comrades by an alliance with a stranger, an enemy of France! Think no more of it! Return to your place in the ranks." As he spoke, he gave the spur to his charger, and flew at full gallop to another regiment. The exact motives which led him thus to crush the hopes of poor Moreau, can scarcely even be guessed at with any certainty. It is possible that he doubted the statement of the soldier, and thought there could be no true desire for such a marriage on the part of the Countess of Drucken. Whatever was the emperor's impression, his decision was ruinous to Moreau's hopes. The emperor's sanction alone could have removed all obstacles from the way of the lovers. Even a simple discharge could not be got without it, and the soldier would have died sooner than desert.

The campaign went on, and Moreau fought bravely through it. Another and another campaign followed, and he was still in the guards of Napoleon. The fearful invasion of Russia found him in the same position, and he was with his master till the abdication at Fontainebleau. By this time Moreau had won the cross of the legion of honour, and had risen in the service, though not to a commission; but hard toil and wounds had done much of the usual work of time upon him. The remembrance of the Countess Diana, however, remained ever fresh on his memory. He had written to Weimar, to Madame the Countess of Drucken, but either the post or the lady was faithless. He received no reply—not a word—not a token of remembrance. When the Bourbons finally brought with them a

general peace, Moreau revisited his aged father and his native Tours. There he found many old friends, and they would have had him to marry a young and pretty girl, and settle himself for life; but he was the chosen bridegroom of a countess, and he refused all proffers of this kind; waiting always, with undiminished anxiety, for the appearance of the coroneted carriage, which he confidently expected to come one day and carry him to his beloved. At length, weary of waiting in vain, he set aside four or five quarters of his pension, and, with a staff in his hand, took the road to Prussia. Very different was he in appearance from the tall, erect, and noble-looking guardsman, who had followed on his emperor's heels from victory to victory on the German plains. Moreau, though comparatively young in years, was in aspect a toil-worn veteran, with wrinkled brow and slightly stooping figure; but his heart was as simple as ever, and he had preserved all the bright hopes and illusions of youth, and one, in particular, in undying freshness. He reached Weimar, and, with beating heart, passed on to the chateau of the countess. Diana had disappeared; the chateau had long been possessed and inhabited by strangers, to whom nothing but the name of the former proprietors was known. About their abode and condition Moreau could learn nothing.

Tours saw our soldier return once more, poor and wearied, but hoping still. His relatives and friends, to whom he talked confidently and freely on the subject, considered his expectations as completely illusory, and resembling one of those curious instances of monomania which are not unusual in the world. All loved the veteran, nevertheless, for he was the most innocent of human beings.

In the year 1829, Moreau still remained at Tours, and still found the chief solace of life in the hopes which all who knew him considered vain and delusive. The summer of the year mentioned, however, was signalled by the arrival in Tours of a superb *berlin* (a particular species of German travelling-carriage), drawn by four horses. A young man was the sole occupant of this, and scarcely had he entered the town, when he left the carriage, and made inquiry "if Moreau, a grenadier of the old imperial guard, was still alive, and still resided in Tours?" The answer was in the affirmative, and the young man requested to be guided to his residence. A person readily offered to execute this task, and walked towards the veteran's dwelling, the carriage as well as its owner following. "Yonder is Moreau," said the guide, "seated on his stone bench." The young man moved forward alone to the side of the old soldier, who was indeed basking his still noble-looking head in the rays of the evening sun. "Are you Moreau of the old guard?" said the stranger, with a faltering voice.

The German accent of the youth was instantaneously caught by the veteran's ear. "Yes!" cried he, starting up, "I am Moreau, of the third regiment of the old guard, whom the emperor at Potsdam prevented from marrying. Does my bride call me at length? Does Diana send to seek me? I am here—I am ready!" It was an affecting sight to see a white-haired old man thus warming at the remembrance of youthful love.

"It is you whom I seek," said the youth, clasping the old man's hand, and seemingly struggling to conceal his emotions from the public eye; "enter this carriage. I am come to conduct you to the chateau of Drucken." Half embraced by his conductor, Moreau ascended the vehicle, and the postillions, at a signal, drove rapidly away. Moreau, the grenadier of the old guard of Napoleon, was no more seen in Tours, or in his native France!

Diana Countess of Drucken was not unfaithful to the young soldier. But when rejoined by her family, after the terrors caused by the French visit had a little subsided, they threatened her even with death if she attempted to prosecute her engagement with Moreau. Effectually to mar her purpose, they strove to induce her to marry again, but this they could not effect. It was only, however, when the truth could not be longer concealed, that she dared to tell them that the ceremony of marriage had already passed between Moreau and herself, the old chaplain being the officiating minister, and also the sole witness, on the occasion. Bitterly as the kindred of the countess cursed this secret connexion, they agreed, on condition that she solemnly swore never to disgrace them by sending for Moreau, to torment her no more with schemes of re-marriage, and to permit herself to bring up the boy to whom she gave birth, under the character of her nephew and avowed heir. The very name of Moreau was sentenced to oblivion. The fear of endangering her son's welfare caused the countess to keep her engagement unbroken, though her unchanged affection for Moreau would often strongly tempt her to an opposite line of conduct. But, on her deathbed, the countess revealed for the first time to her son his true history and parentage, and laid her dying commands upon him to go to Tours, and to render comfortable the old age of his father, if he still lived. Her own heart, at that truth-displaying moment, was wrung with remorse at the reflection that she had permitted any engagements whatever to separate her from one to whom she had solemnly and lastingly bound herself.

Arrived at Drucken, Moreau could only weep over the tomb of her for whom he had yearned for twenty-four long years. But the tender cares of his son, who had been him from Tours, rendered the veteran's

latter days happy. If he had not the object of his life's dream beside him, he had at least the satisfaction of knowing that she had not been unfaithful to him.

[This story is a version, with some slight changes, of a little piece which appeared recently in one of the French periodicals.]

JIM SOOLIVAN.

We find the following capital bit of Irish humour in a late number of the Dublin University Magazine, a periodical, by the way, which is rapidly improving both in the variety and piquancy of its articles.

JIM SOOLIVAN was a decent, honest boy as you'd find in the seven parishes, an' he was a beautiful singer, an' an illegit dancer intirely, an' a mighty pleasant boy in himself; but he had the devil's bad luck, for he married for love, an' as course he never had an any minute after. Nell Gorman was the girl he fancied, an' a beautiful slip of a girl she was, just twinty to the minute when he married her. She was as round an' as complate in all her shapes as a firkin, you'd think, an' her two cheeks was as fat an' as red, it id open your heart to look at them. But beauty is not the thing all through, an' as beautiful as she was, she had the devil's tongue, an' the devil's timper, an' the devil's behaviour all out; an' it was impossible for him to be in the house with her, for while you'd count tin without havin' an argument, an' as sure as she riz an argument wid him, she'd hit him a wipe iv a skillet, or whatever lay next to her hand. Well, this wasn't at all plasin' to Jim Soolivan, you may be sure, an' there was scarce a week that his head wasn't plastered up, or his back bint double, or his nose swelled as big as a pittay, with the violence iv her timper, an' his heart was scalded everlastinly wid her tongue; so he had no patee or quietness in body or soul at all with the way she was goin' an'. Well, your honour, one cowlid snovin' evenin', he kim in afther his day's work regulatin' the men in the farm, an' he sat down very quite by the fire, for he had a scrimidge wid her in the mornin', an' all he wanted was an air iv the fire in pace; so devil a word he said, but dhrew a stool an' sat down close to the fire. Well, as soon as the woman saw him, "Move off," says she, "an' don't be intrudin' an' the fire," says she. Well, he kept never mindin', an' didn't let an' to hear a word she was sayin', so she kim over, an' she had a spoon in her hand, an' she took jist the smallest taste in life iv the bollin' wather out iv the pot, an' she dhropped it down an' his shins, an' wid that he let a roar you'd think the roof id fly aff iv the house. "Hould your tongue, you barbarian," says she; "you'll waken the child," says she. "An' if I done right," says he, "for the spoonful of bollin' wather riz him intirely, I'd take yourself," says he, "an' I'd stuff you into the pot an' the fire, an' boil you," says he, "into castor oil," says he. "That's purty behaviour," says she; "it's fine usage you're givin' me, isn't it?" says she, gettin' wicked every minute; "but before I'm boiled," says she, "they how you like that," says she; an', sure enough, before he had time to put up his guard, she hot him a rare terrible clink iv the iron spoon across the jaw. "Hould me, some iv ye, or I'll murder her," says he. "Will you?" says she, an' with that she hot him another tin times as good as the first. "By jabers," says he, slappin' himself behind, "that's the last salute you'll ever give me," says he; "so take my last blessin'," says he, "you ungoddamable baste," says he; an' with that he pulled an' his hat an' walked out iv the door. Well, she never minded a word he said, for he used to say the same thing all as one every time she dhrew blood, an' she had no expectation at all but he'd come back by the time supper id be ready; but faix the story didn't go quite so simple this time, for while he was walkin', lonesome enough, down the borheen, with his heart almost broke with the pain, for his shins an' his jaw was mighty troublesome, av course, with the thrashment he got, who did he see but Mick Hanlon, his uncle's servant by, ridin' down, quite an' easy, an' the ould black horse, wid a halter as long as himself.

[To make a long story short, Jim gets on the horse along with the by (boy), and is carried to his uncle's house, where he is drifted up with snow for upwards of a week. Meanwhile the mutilated body of a man is found near Jim's home, and being taken for Jim, is waked and buried as such. His widow, "bad luck to her," marries Andy Curtis, and all is comfortable with the pair when Jim finds his way back to his own door one very cowlid night.]

So, one night (as the story proceeds), when Nell Gorman an' her new husband, Andy Curtis, was snug an' warm in bed, an' fast asleep, an' every thing quite, who should come to the door, sure enough, but Jim Soolivan himself, an' he beginned flakin' the door wid a big blak-thorn stick he had, an' roarin' out like the devil to open the door, for he had a dhrop taken. "What the devil's the matter?" says Andy Curtis, wakenin' out iv his sleep. "Who's batin' the door?" says Nell: "what's all the noise for?" says she. "Who's in it?" says Andy. "It's me," says Jim. "Who are you?" says Andy. "What's your name?" says Jim Soolivan, says he. "By jabers you lie," says Andy. "Wait till I get at you," says Jim, hittin' the door a lick iv the wattle you'd hear half a mile off. "It's him, sure enough," says Nell. "I know his speech; it's his wandherin' sowl that can't get rest, the crass o' Christ betune us an' harm." "Let me in," says Jim, "or I'll dhrove the door in a top iv ye." "Jim Soolivan, Jim Soolivan," says Nell, sittin' up in the bed, an' gropin' for a quart bottle iv holy wather she used to hang by the back iv the bed, "don't come in, darlin', there's holy wather here," says she, "but tell me from where you are is there any thing that's throublin' your poor sinful sowl?" says she. "An' tell me how many masses will make you say, an' by this crass I'll buy you as many as you want," says she. "I don't know what the devil you mane," says Jim. "Go back," says she, "go back to glory, for God's sake," says she. "D-

cure to the bit iv me 'ill go back to glory, or any where else," says he, "this blessed night; so open the door at onst, an' let me in," says he. "The Lord forbid," says she. "By jabers you'd better," says he, "or it 'ill be worse for you," says he; an' wid that he fell to wallopin' the door till he was fairly tired, an' Andy an' his wife crassin' themselves an' sayin' their prayers for the bare life all the time. "Jim Soolivan," says she, as soon as he was done, "go back, for God's sake, an' don't be freakinin' me an' your poor fatherless children," says she. "Why, you bosthoon, you," says Jim, "won't you let your husband in," says he, "to his own house?" says she. "You woe my husband, sure enough," says she, "but it's well you know, Jim Soolivan, you're not my husband now," says she. "You're as dhruken as can be consaved," says Jim. "Go back in God's name, pacibly to your grave," says Nell. "By my sowl, it's to my grave you'll find me, sure enough," says he, "you hard-hearted bairn, for I am jist aff wid the cowlid," says he. "Jim Soolivan," says she, "it's in your decent coffin you should be, you unfortunate spirit," says she; "what is it's annoyin' your sowl, in the wide world, at all?" says she; "hadn't you every thing complate?" says she, "the oil, an' the wack, an' the berrin?" says she. "Och, by the hocky," says Jim, "it's too long I'm makin' a fool iv myself, gotherin' wid you outside iv my own door," says he, "for it's plane to be seen," says he, "you don't know what you're sayin', an' no one else knows what you mane, you unfortunate fool," says he, "so, onst for all, open the door quietly," says he, "or, by my sowkins, I'll not leave a splinter together," says he. "Well, when Nell an' Andy seen he was gettin' vexed, they beginned to bawl out their prayers, with the fright, as if the life was lawin' them; an' the more he bate the door, the louder they prayed, until at last Jim was fairly tired out. "Bad luck to you," says he, "for a rale devil av a woman," says he. "I can't get any advantage av you, any way; but wait till I get hould iv you, that's all," says he. An' he turned aff from the door, an' wint round to the cow-house, an' settled himself as well as he could, in the straw; an' he was tired enough wid the thravellin' he had in the day-time, an' a good deal bothered with what liquor he had taken; so he was purty sure o' sleepin' wherever he thrun himself. But, by my sowl, it wasn't the same way with the man an' the woman in the house; for devil a wink iv sleep, good or bad, could they get at all, wid the fright iv the spirit, as they supposed; an' with the first light they sint a little goosoon, as fast as he could wag, straight off, like a shot, to the priest, an' to desire him, for the love o' God, to come to them an' the minute, an' to bring, if it was plasin' to his reverence, all the little things he had for sayin' mass, an' savin' sowls, an' banishin' spirits, an' freekin' the devil, an' the likes iv that. An' it wasn't long till his reverence kem down, sure enough, on the ould gray mare, wid the little mass-boy behind him, an' the prayer-books an' bibles, an' all the other mysterious articles that was wantin', along wid him; an' as soon as he kem in, "God save all here," says he. "God save ye, kindly, your reverence," says they. "An' what's gone wrong wid ye?" says he; "ye must be very bad," says he, "intirely, to disturb my devotions," says he, "this way, jist at breakfast time," says he. "By my sowkins," says Nell, "it's bad enough we are, your reverence," says she, "for it's poor Jim's spirit," says she; "God rest his sowl, wherever it is," says she, "that was wandherin' up an' down, opposit the door all night," says she, "in the way it was no use at all, thryin' to get a wink iv sleep," says she. "It's to lay it, you want me, I suppose," says the priest. "If your reverence id do that same, it'd be plasin' to us," says Andy. "It 'ill be rather expensiv'," says the priest. "We'll not differ about the price, your reverence," says Andy. "Did the spirit stop long?" says the priest. "Most part iv the night," says Nell, "the Lord be merciful to us all!" says she. "That 'ill make it more costly than I thought," says he. "An' did it make much noise?" says he. "By my sowl, it's it that did," says Andy; "leatherin' the door wid sticks and stones," says he, "an' I fairly thought every minute," says he, "the ould boards id smasn, an' the spirit id be in an' top iv us, God bless us," says he. "Phiew!" says the priest, "it'll cost a power iv money." "Well, your reverence," says Andy, "take whatever you like," says he; "only make sure it wont annoy us any more," says he. "Oh! by my sowkins," says the priest, "it'll be the quarest ghost in the seven parishes," says he, "if it has the courage to come back," says he, "after what I'll do this mornin', please God," says he, "so we'll say twelve pounds, an' God knows it's chape enough," says he, "considerin' all the sarcumstances," says he. Well, there wasn't a second word to the bargain; so they paid him the money down, an' he settled the table out like an althar, before the door, an' he settled it out wid all the things he had wid him; an' he lit a bit iv a holy candle, an' he scattered his holy wather right an' left, an' he took up a big book, an' he wint an' readin' for half an hour, good; an' when he kem to the end, he tuck hould iv his little bell, and he beginned to ring it for the bare life; an' by my sowl he rang it so well, that he wakened Jim Soolivan in the cow-house, where he was sleepin', an' up he jumped, widout a minute's delay, an' med right for the house, where all the family, an' the priest, an' the little mass-boy, was assembled, layin' the ghost; an' as soon as his reverence seen him comin' in at the door, wid the fair fright, he flung the bell at his head, an' hot him sich a lick iv it in the forehead, that he stretched him an' the floor; but faix he didn't wait to ax any questions, but he cut round the table as if the devil was afther him, an' out at the door, an' didn't stop even as much as to mount an' his mare, but leathared away down the borheen as fast as his legs could carry him, though the mud was up to his knees, savin' your presence. Well, by the time Jim kem to himself, the family persaved the mistake, an' Andy wint home, lavin' Nell to make the explanation. An' as soon as Jim heard it all, he said he was quite content to have her to Andy, intirely; but the priest would not hear iv it; an' he fist med him marry his wife over again, an' a merry widdin' it was, an' a fine

collection for his reverence. An' Andy was there along wid the rest, an' the priest put a small pinnace upon him, for bein' in too great a hurry to marry a widdy. An' bad luck to the word he'd allow any one to say an' the business, ever after, at all at all, so, av course, no one offinded his reverence, by spakin' iv the twelve pounds he got for layin' the spirit. An' the neighbours wor all mighty well plased, to be sure, for gettin' all the divarsion of a wake, an' two weddin's for nothin'.

ENGLISH HAY-MAKERS OF THE DISTRICT AROUND LONDON.*

ONE of the most remarkable peculiarities of the land for a number of miles around London, is the large extent of ground kept in grass for producing hay for the metropolitan market. The hay is generally of a sweet and nourishing quality, very unlike the harsh kind of wiry grass and clover which prevail in the northern part of the United Kingdom, where it would be called by the name of meadow hay; and its preparation forms an important branch of rural economy. The hay-making season, which is the busiest in the year, draws labourers from places most remote from the scene of operations, in the same manner as the grain harvest attracts a throng of reapers in other quarters of the country. Those who mow or cut the grass, are almost to a man English labourers; but the other class of workers are a mixture of English and Irish, the former being about two to one of the latter. A Welshman is rarely to be seen among either class, and a Scotchman never.

The hay-making season is from about the middle of June to the third week of July. In the beginning of June, English labourers are to be seen on the different roads, travelling with their faces towards London, each bearing his scythe and a basket or small bundle, the edge of the scythe carefully protected against the action of the atmosphere. These precursors are mowers, men known to be good and trustworthy workmen, who, year by year, work on the same farm, and until the time of cutting are sure of other work. Day by day the numbers of the travelling labourers increase, and by the middle of June the roads are thronged with them. Some of the English bear scythes, and most of them a bundle or basket; now and then one has a fork, its points guarded with corks. A few of the Irish carry a bundle, but the majority bear no greater burthen than the clothes they wear. To persons not acquainted with the customs of these labourers, they are apparently wanderers in search of work, but, in reality, the greater part are not so. They are making their way to certain points, where they have worked in former years, or where they have been recommended to be employed. Some men do not leave home until they have received a message from their usual employers or some acquaintance, stating the time they will probably be wanted, and these messages (usually by word of mouth) are also a guide for others as to the right time of starting; a carrier or drover is generally the bearer of such a message, and the punctuality with which it is delivered, and the accuracy with which it is understood and acted upon, would surprise the lettered man, who can only imagine a correct correspondence to be carried on between parties at a distance by means of letters. These word-of-mouth messages are an ancient practice, and the continuance is owing probably to the cost of postage; but the saving is questionable. Master and man commonly meet the bearer at a road-side inn; so, what between treating him, and their own loss of time, a much greater expense is incurred than probably the postage of a letter would amount to. At home, and on the road, the English term their migration "going upwards for work." The English labourers commonly travel alone, or in parties of two, three, or four, and usually leave home with provision sufficient for the greater part or the whole of their journey, and money to pay for decent lodgings at night. On the other hand, the Irish, first congregated on board a vessel, when they reach England, commonly travel in droves, trusting mainly to chance for food and lodging during their travels.

The mowers are paid by the acre. A common price at the beginning of the season of 1839 was 4s. 6d. an acre without beer, but it afterwards rose to 5s. and 5s. 6d. an acre with beer. Each mower finds his own tools; the cost of a scythe complete is 12s. 6d., the price of a good blade by itself about 7s., and a mower in full work requires a new blade every season; such a man in a season will use a dozen whetting-stones of the price of about 4d. each. The edge only of a scythe blade is steel. A mower will cut from an acre to two acres a-day, but two acres is an extraordinary day's work, and to perform it a man must labour hard, early and late, beginning before sunrise and keeping on until sunset, and that during the longest days of the year. He also requires extraordinary food, and the profuse-ness of his perspirations would exhaust him, were he not supplied with great quantities of drink to keep it up: for this purpose small beer is the usual beverage, but sometimes water is used; strong beer being only taken at a meal, or after the work of the day is over. In fine weather, when not mowing, the mowers are

* The above paper is the composition of an individual, who, as the matter of it will amply prove, is intimately acquainted with the class whom it professes to describe. As a minute and apparently faithful picture of a section of the rural population of England, it cannot fail to have some interest, at a time when the attention of all classes is so eagerly directed to each other's condition.

employed at other work in hay-making, receiving the highest wages paid to daymen. The mowers do not calculate on being employed the whole time in mowing. Mowing is performed by parties of from three to six; the same man is always the leader, and is sometimes termed "the lord;" he is to his party what a stroke-man is to a boat's crew.

At the beginning of the season 1839, the pay of a hay-maker (in distinction to a mower) was 2s. and 2d. 6d. a-day, and afterwards rose to 3s. and 3d. 6d. a-day, with an allowance of beer, some of them finding their own forks. When the hay is spread, or is fit to carry, and rain is expected, the farmers urge all hands to increased exertions by extra allowances of beer, and promise of a supper. In this district, compared with others, the women employed in hay-making are few, and their pay is commonly 1s. a-day: this is not fair; for, although it is true that a woman cannot take every place in the work, she will, in the lighter portions, perform as much as a man. The boys employed are also few. In fact, very few women and boys are employed but those belonging to the resident agricultural population. The migratory hay-makers are paid, in full or on account, day by day; and if the weather will not allow the work to go on regularly, they are only paid according to the time they actually work, this time being on all farms reckoned down to an hour. Where payment on account is adopted, it is to prevent a labourer leaving, in the event of wages rising in the course of the season in other places.

In the beginning and at the height of the season, the public-houses and cottages in the district, where lodgers are taken, are crowded with the migratory labourers. Every chamber has as many beds as can be put into it, and the men sleep two, sometimes three, in a bed; in rooms of not greater dimensions than fifteen feet by twelve, from eight to ten, and even twelve men, pass the night. The price of lodging to a man who has a bed to himself, is sixpence a-night, but when more than one sleep in a bed, the charge for each is fourpence. If a man pays four nights consecutively, he pays no more that week; at least this is the practice in some places. The Englishmen usually sleep in beds, and the Irishmen in barns, stables, or outhouses, sometimes ensconcing themselves in a hay cock. A prejudice exists against the Irish labourers, that they are not so clean in their persons as the English, and some publicans make a point of refusing them lodgings. When the Irish hay-makers have women and children with them, they often camp in the lanes, but without tents, there cooking their food, and taking their evening meals; such a case with an English party is very rare.

Beer is the hay-makers' usual drink. They very seldom have recourse to spirituous liquors, and, compared with the workmen on canals, railroads, and in brick-fields, they are generally of sober habits. The Irish are decidedly more sober than the English. When lodging either at a public or private house, each man buys his own food, the cooking being performed, and pepper and salt provided, gratis. The publicans usually keep bread, cheese, and bacon, and sometimes cooked meat, for sale; at some houses soup is supplied, for which the charge is twopence a basin. Tea and coffee are not commonly used.

Towards their employers and strangers, the hay-makers are civil in manner and language, but with each other practical jokes are not uncommon. The language of the English labourers among themselves, particularly of the young men, is mixed up with many oaths, and horrible imprecations. This species of language is at present dreadfully on the increase, and has not yet reached its climax; for these labourers are still behind the workmen on railroads and canals, inland boatmen, brickmakers, and the like, from whom the contagion has been caught.

Upon their way from home, and at their places of destination, anxious are the inquiries and the mutual talk of the men as to the probabilities of the weather, the state of the crops, the numbers of workmen likely to come up, the prices of labour, and the masters who have and who have not engaged their complement of men. The season fairly entered into, the merits and demerits of the different masters who give the best wages, whose beer is the best, who are most liberal in giving that and victuals, and who look most sharply after their people, are engaging subjects of conversation; but of these, "the beer" is the most frequent; and it is impossible for strangers to conceive the importance which hay-makers, in particular the English, attach to beer, either as a source of pleasure or a help to work.

When elevated with this same beverage, their own capabilities are boasted of; and how much, in one day, a man can mow of grass, cut or thrash of corn, feats of strength and agility, and the like, supply matter for noisy but friendly debate. Sometimes the meaning of words and phrases locally used in the neighbourhoods of their respective homes, and local peculiarities in manners and customs, especially as regards labour, beguile their leisure hours. With them Saturday nights are times of carousal; but Monday is never Saint Monday, if the weather be fine. Sunday is a tiresome day, not one hay-maker in a hundred attending a place of worship; from singing, or any kind of play, they usually abstain on Sunday, but often get tipsy; and if their master required it (as is sometimes the case in wet weather), they would not hesitate to work. Tobacco, in smoking, is used in great quantities; a few chew it; but snuff is only taken in fun, when an

elderly mechanic or old woman offers a pinch. Tossing halfpence, to decide which man shall pay for beer, or a game of skittles, the stake very seldom exceeding a pint of beer, is almost the only gambling in which they indulge; cards are very seldom used. Over their jugs and pipes, a song is a favourite recreation; the music, however, is never, and the words not frequently, of a refined order. Occasionally a song is sung in praise of poaching, after the manner in which war or sea songs set forth the hardships, pleasures, glories, and honours, of war and the ocean. The way in which such songs are received, and the heartiness in which all join in the chorus, prove that with the English agricultural labourers, poaching is not considered a crime; though, in talking of poaching, they treat it as a misfortune for a man to have a propensity towards it, and call him a fool for indulging therein. Politics they never discuss. If any portion of a weekly newspaper be read aloud, it commonly is something which relates to a murder, a robbery, or dreadful accident. Quarrelling, likely to lead to fighting, is carefully avoided; and if a man in this respect lacks discretion, he is repressed by his fellow-workmen, particularly a mower by fellow-mowers, and reminded, that a fight will probably spoil him for work for a week; not a slight consideration with a labourer, miles away from home, depending upon his daily work for his daily bread.

In past times great jealousies and feuds have existed between the English and Irish hay-makers. These jealousies and feuds, however, are yearly diminishing in number, and will in time disappear. Already, the English labourers are rather pleased than otherwise to have an Irishman in their company, as his remarks are usually shrewd and witty, and tend to keep up the general harmony and mirthfulness, whether in the field or on the road.

Whether, upon the whole, these hay-making excursions are profitable to the English labourers, in a pecuniary point of view, is questionable. No doubt they are looked forward to with pleasure, are a time of pleasure in a fine season, and a pleasurable source of conversation on their return home. But the loss of time and expenses in travelling; the payments for lodgings; the higher price of their provisions, being less able to make the most of them than when at home; the inducements to spend money lavishly when they have any; extra wear and tear of clothes and payment for washing; the greater chance of illness, and then without the comforts of home; the families of those who have families living on credit, for which a high price is given and imposition practised; the risk of bad habits being acquired by the young; the dislike incurred from masters at home in being left at a busy and important time of the year, and this dislike acting prejudicially on a winter's employment or the price of winter's work; are serious drawbacks from the higher wages of five weeks' hay-making. It is true that some of them, in a fine season, take home sums of money varying from one to three pounds, but the greater part generally return as poor as they set out. The Irish labourers, on the contrary, by living in the poorest possible style, and resorting to begging when it can be accomplished, contrive to save money during the hay-making season; all which earnings are, as is well known, carried home as a sacred fund to pay the rent of the slip of land from which they draw the ordinary means of existence.

POETRY AT SIGHT.

A remarkably successful operation has just been performed on the eyes of an elderly lady, who had been blind and deaf from her birth. The following letter to her niece has been sent to us by her friends, to show the rapidity of her literary acquirements, immediately on her attainment of the power of vision; and such of our readers as can fancy themselves deaf, will certainly see it to consist of capital rhymes.

Dear Dolly, I'll thank you to send the cocoa,
And Susan, who brings it, shall take back your box.
Pray tell Doctor Bleed'em I've got a sad cough;
I caught it while watching young Hodge at the plough;
I thought the day fine, and was simple enough
My umbrella to leave, so got wet through and through.
For it came down in torrents; your poor aunt was caught
In the rain, and I afterwards sat in a draught.
This made me much worse, but experience I bought,
And I'll never more trust to the sunshine and drought!
Well, I made myself dry, and I sat down to tea;
Of the good that it did me you'd form no idea.
But I quite hate the country, the weather's so rough,
So you'll see me, dear, soon in your little borough.
I hope, after all, that my cold will be trivial—
But still you may send me that stuff in the vial—
In the kitchen you'll find it, just over the trough,
Oh, my cough! oh, my cough! it all comes of the plough.
—From the Comic Almanack.

ELECTRICITY OF VEGETATION.

As plants, during vegetation, exert a chemical action on the atmosphere, sometimes converting its oxygen into carbonic acid gas, and at others decomposing the carbonic acid already existing in it, assimilating the carbon and disengaging the oxygen, it was conceived that electricity might be thus developed: and, from the very extensive operation of vegetation, the quantity might be sufficient to influence the atmosphere. The results of experiments confirm this anticipation. When seeds were sown in the earth, there were signs of electricity as soon as the germs appeared at the surface, and the electricity became more evident as vegetation advanced. So considerable was the evolution, that it was calculated that a powerful battery might be charged by the vegetation

from an area of one hundred square yards. Every green tree and every leaf of verdure is, therefore, continually supplying the atmosphere with electricity; and in hot and humid climates, as that of Brazil, the quantity derived from this source must be extraordinary, if we reflect on the vigour with which the growth of plants is carried on. According to the assertion of a respectable traveller, rain in the evening will, by sunrise, have given a greenish tinge to the earth; if the rain continue, there will be sprouts of grass an inch long on the second day; and on the third day, the grass will be strong enough for the pasturing of cattle.—*Companion to Almanack*, 1839.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE BEGGARS OF MULLINGAR.

When the gallant 50th were removed to Mullingar, it was supposed that this town produced a greater number of beggars than any in the king's dominions. A swarm of paupers rendered the streets almost impassable, and ingress or egress to or from a shop was occasionally impracticable. Now, beggars were to the head major an abomination, and for two days he ensconced himself in his lodgings, rather than encounter the mendicants of Mullingar. Confinement will increase bile, and bile will induce gout; and at last, wearied of captivity, he sallied forth, and to every application for relief he replied by specifying an early day on which he wished the numerous supplicants to call upon him at a particular hour, and above all things to be punctual. His wish was faithfully attended to, and on the expected morning the street where he resided was completely blocked up. The major, under a volley of blessings, appeared at the hall door. "Are you all here?" he inquired, in accents of the tenderest compassion. "All, your honour—all, young and old!" responded a big beggarman. "We're all here, Colonel, avourneen!" exclaimed a red virago, "but my poor man Briency Boecogh; and he, the cratur, fell into the fire on Sunday night, and him hearty, and sorrow stir he can make, good nor bad." "Ah, then," said the humane commander, "why should poor Brien be left out? Arrah! run yourself, and bring the cripple to us!" In a twinkling, off went the red virago, and after a short absence issued from a neighbouring lane, with Briency on her shoulders. "Are ye all here now?" inquired the tender-hearted major. "Every single soul of us!" said an old woman in reply. "Ogh! that the light of heaven may shine on his honour's dying hour, but it's he that's tender to the poor!" "Amen!" responded a hundred voices. "Silence!" said the major, as he produced a small book bound in red morocco. "Whisht, you souls!" cried the big beggarman. "Are ye listening?" "Sha, sha! Yes, yes!" was responded in English and Irish. "Then, by the contents of this blessed book, a rap I won't give one of ye, you vagabonds, if I remained a twelvemonth in Mullingar!"

"HOW TO GET ON."—THE APOTHECARY METHOD.
"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining-parlour; master opens it and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder.' From Sawyer's, late Nockemoff's. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared: and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—she reads the label; it goes down to the servants—they read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemoff.' The name gets known, and that's the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."—*From the Pickwick Papers*.

PARENTAL PARTIALITIES

Parents can never too carefully avoid showing a distinction between children in the distribution of their affection. Parental love during infancy and youth should be the patrimony of all, and—so far as human infirmity will allow—like the kindly dew of heaven, which descend equally "on the just and on the unjust." The faults of early years should not be visited by a withdrawal of affection from the wayward child, nor should a naturally amiable disposition entitle its possessor to that interest in a parent's heart which excludes others who have the same claim of consanguinity. We of course only refer to the commencement of life; for the parental love of after-years assuredly is justly influenced by the conduct of our offspring. To the inexperienced in such ties, it may appear a task hard of fulfilment to guard against the forward behaviour of children influencing our bearing towards them; yet, strange to say, here is not the error that so often spreads jealousy and dissension in families. It is not the natural yearning of the heart towards the most amiable—no, it is the bestowal of our partial affection on one child in preference to another, from the accident of sex, or from being the youngest or the oldest born—from form or feature, or the early indications of intellect. Here the election is made by the father or mother, often to the ruin of the favourite child; and it may generally be remarked, that the favoured of a parent under such circumstances is the first to make that heart ache, the partiality of which was so unjustly engrossed.—*From John's Legend and Romance, African and European*.

In some recent numbers of the New York Mirror, we perceive the following articles or pieces—"Claude Duval," "Fortune's Frolics," "Augustus Broom," "Song of Peace, by Giffan," and "Scene with a Pirate," all of which have been copied from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, without any mark of quotation or acknowledgment. We make no complaint of this: the editors of the New York Mirror are at liberty to copy our entire paper weekly, if it shall suit their purpose to do so; but we beg to represent to them the impolicy of not marking the authority whence they draw their selected matter, as the practice throws a doubt over the originality of articles which are absolutely their own.

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